

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SWEET SISTER

Peter stood speechless before a panorama of brilliantly vivid circus posters which decorated the broad fence for nearly a block.

Peter's artistic instincts were aroused and vibrant from the strain upon them. He thought he had never beheld anything so beautiful as the pictured lady careering through the air like a cannon ball of lace and tinsel. As for the man strapped on the backs of two mad horses, who were apparently trying to tear him limb from limb, Peter felt thrills of admiration trickle down his spine at the sight.

He sighed blissfully.

"Hello, Bubby," said a man who had been watching him with a speculative eye, "going to the circus tomorrow?"

"Would you like to?" continued the man insinuatingly.

"You bet!" said Peter emphatically.

"Well, I want a boy your size to ride one of the elephants in the parade. If you'd like the job I'll give you a ticket to the afternoon performance and 25 cents to boot."

"What yer givin' us?" he scoffed. "Sure thing," declared the man. "Do you want to do it? If not I can easily find a boy who does."

Peter promptly laid his pitcher on the sidewalk, and standing on his head knocked his heels ecstatically together in space.

"I guess you want to all right. Come around to the side door of the tent tomorrow morning at 9.30. You will be as safe on the elephant as in your mammy's rocking chair, so don't get scared and back out."

Back out! Peter's eyes sparkled with indignation. He dashed home in a whirlwind of excitement, thoroughly convinced he would never wait for morning to come.

"Where have you been all this time, Peter Andrews?" demanded his mother sharply. "Sweet Sister has been yelling for her milk at least an hour."

But Peter was breathing hard, deaf to his mother's complaints, and the enticing coos of Sweet Sister, who held out short, fat arms, to be taken up for her usual evening romp. Peter scorned the blandishments of Sweet Sister. What was a romp with a baby to a fellow who was going to ride an elephant?

"Peter," said his mother the next morning as he was hurriedly gulping down his breakfast, "I have got to go up town this morning, and you must take care of Sweet Sister. Don't for the life of you take your eyes off her; she's as full of mischief as a monkey!"

Peter sat in stricken silence, knowing from experience, the uselessness of protest. It was after his mother had bustled off with a parting warning that he broke into open mutiny.

"I say," he burst forth violently, "darn Sweet Sister!"

Peter eyed her disgustingly as he backed stealthily to the door. Seizing an opportune moment when Sweet Sister's attention was engaged in a cannibalistic attack on her doll, he sneaked quietly from the room and flew on wings of expedition to the circus grounds.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon before Peter gave Sweet Sister another thought. The intoxicating experience of his ride on the elephant's back and the enchantment of the afternoon performance completely wiped her from his mind.

Even when he turned his face homeward Peter was so far exalted above the ordinary grooves of his life that the memory of his base desertion gave him no twinges of regret. He would, without fail, get a thrashing for it; but he had learned even at that early age to philosophically take the bitter with the sweet.

Poor Peter came to earth again with a sudden crash when, reaching what had been his home, he found in its place nothing but a smoking heap of ashes!

He leaned, white and faint from the shock against a telegraph pole, and gazed around him with terrified eyes.

The street was strewn with familiar articles of household furnishings, and Peter, fearful of what he might see, turned his head from the sight.

"Where was Sweet Sister? Oh, what had become of Sweet Sister?" he questioned himself in an agony of remorse and fright. He dare not ask. At his feet lay a singed and blackened rubber doll. Peter recoiled from it in horror. He remembered Sweet Sister's laughing little face as she flourished it at him that very morning. Beads of icy dampness sprang around his trembling mouth, and he rushed frantically from the scene.

Dawn was just breaking when Peter, a disconsolate, wretched little atom of humanity, sat down on a deserted doorstep and fell into the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion. He

Wasted Energy.
A woman cook shoots at her employer simply because he remarked that the biscuits were heavy. What a waste of energy! She should have stood by calmly and permitted him to eat a few.—New York Herald.

Main Springs That Move Us.
Neither death, nor exile, nor pain, nor anything of this kind is the real cause of our doing or not doing any action, but our inward opinions and principles.—Epictetus.

—Patrons Dispatch advertisers.

sleep on, unconscious of being lifted in the kindly gentle embrace of a policeman, and carried to the police station and laid on a cot and left to finish his sleep in peace.

When Peter opened his eyes his mother was bending over him, and in her arms regarding him with round solemn eyes, was—Sweet Sister!

Peter stared breathlessly at her and then hid his face in the pillow. "Don't cry, Peter dear," whispered his mother unsteadily. "I am so happy at having both of you children safe, I ain't never going to scold again. A neighbor heard Sweet Sister's crying and took her out of the house long before the fire started. It was all my fault. I should have taken the wood from under the stove."

But Peter sobbed on helplessly with Sweet Sister's small fist strained convulsively to his constrictive, thankful little heart.

EXAMINATION DAYS.



That Old Churn.

Was there ever a Job on the Farm that you tried harder to sidestep than churning? You always persuaded yourself that the job was cut out for a girl, and why you should do it you could never figure out.

Do you remember the day you cut your toe and how glad you were because it was the day they started to cut the hay and you knew that the injured toe would disqualify you. So you went to the wood shed and got out your box of fishing tackle and started to untangle the lines.

You saw the Dawson boys the day before returning from Harding's Creek with a bundle of shiners a yard long, and you intended to get a bigger string. You were just coming out of the shed with a spade to dig single worms when your mother called you. At first you did not answer, you sneaked around behind the Corn crib, but she saw you and it was up to you to report.

"If your foot hurts you can sit under the apple tree and churn for me," were the cruel words.

You kicked the cigar box of fishing tackle back to the end of the shed and threw the spade in a corner, and advanced to the machine of torture.

Your mother brought out a cushion and placed it on a chair, and after the cream was poured in you started to working the handle as fast as you could. After you had churned and churned for hours you raised the dasher, but the cream was

yet cream. Your back ached and blisters were coming on your hands, when it began to work harder and you knew that it was going to butter.

The sun was just creeping over five o'clock spot when your mother came out with a handful of doughnuts and told you that you were the best boy in the world and that the butter was churned better than she could do it herself. But it was too late to go a-fishing.

Fun With the Hose.



I used to have a lot of fun A-playin' with the hose; In summer time I'd often run And put on my old clothes. Then Jim and Dan would dress the same— Just pants and shirts would do. And at ourselves the hose we'd aim, And get wet through and through.

It's summer time again, and say—I'm sorry I'm a man; I'd like to do that stunt today, With those kids, Jim and Dan. I'd like to feel that stream once more Come soaking through my clothes; I found real joy in days of yore, A-playin' with the hose.

Gossip Is Necessary.
Gossip responds to a human need, and gossip about dead men cannot hurt them. It clearly shows the stuff that reputations below a certain grade are made of. Many of the smaller glories owe their longevity to the laziness of the survivors. For who can afford to be painstaking about such trifles?—Frank Moore Colby.

So It Would Seem.
An automobile for the blind has been invented. Heretofore the blind have been running the ordinary makes of car.—Minneapolis Journal.

By the Greatest American Humorists

HER IRRELEVANCE

By JUD MORTIMER LEWIS

"The trouble with most women," said Jinx when they had finished lunch, and he was idly constructing a snap-dragon, with the aid of five very brittle toothpicks and a well-pleased and non-brittle feeling of satisfaction with the day and his own part in the events thereof, "is that they never give complete attention to the subject under discussion."

"Did you like the steak we had for lunch?" interrupted Mrs. Jinx, with an interested and sympathetic smile. "I have found a new butcher, a little Dutchman; he has opened up where Wedderburn used to keep."

"As I was about to state, when you interrupted me with an entirely irrelevant remark, the average woman only



"How Did You Come to Get Gray Ones?"

gives semi-attention to anything that is being said, and nine times out of a possible ten when she opens her mouth it is to give utterance to some thought entirely foreign to the matter forming the subject of the conversation. Some months ago when Orville Wright was experimenting with his aerodrome at Fort Meyer, and when the eyes of the entire world were fixed upon him and the papers were full of the wonderful flights he was making, a friend of mine took his wife to see the trials of the machine, and, as Wright and his machine rose into the air and soared like a huge, beautiful and majestic bird, with nothing but the blue heaven for a background, the man watched his wife and waited for her to make some remark, feeling sure that she would give expression to some thought or utter some expression of amazement that would be worth treasuring along with the memory of the day and the intrepid aeronaut's wonderful feat. Swiftly and majestically the huge white-winged flyer circled the field, turned and swung back until it appeared to poised directly above them, and Wright could be plainly seen with his feet braced against some part of the apparatus. "Why," exclaimed my friend's wife, "he is wearing low-necked tans, isn't he?"

"Take yourself, for instance. When I told you that that garter snake which you killed the other day was a box constrictor, if you had given the matter the thousandth part of your attention you would have known that such a thing was utterly impossible; but no, you made some remark about your last year's hat and we went into the house, and I never dreamed for a moment that you had even heard what I said; then when I saw you and Mrs. Rheinbecker talking over the fence that evening and I walked over to join you, just in time to hear you tell her that you had killed a box constrictor."

"I see you have purchased a new pair of trousers," responded she, rising and preparing to clear the table.

"Pants, dear pants," replied her better half, dropping his hands to his side in helpless resignation. "My income will need to be at least twice its present size before I can afford trousers."

"They're just lovely. How did you come to get gray ones?"

"Why?"

"You know dark blue would match my new hat better than gray does." "Sure it would, but I'm not going to wear your new hat."

"Well they fit nice; turn around."

"Do they set smooth across the-er-bosom, dear?"

"Perfectly!"

That night in the stygian blackness of the midnight that enshrouded him Jinx felt the springs shake, and he had a feeling that amounted to almost a certainty that Mrs. Jinx was cautiously getting out of bed. Then the whisper-like sound of bare feet cautiously carrying their owner across the room, and after that, a prolonged though almost suppressed rustling of garments, followed by a noise like that made by a bare skin striking a chair, followed by a sibilant exclamation, then a noise like some person groping leaving the room. A few moments later Jinx was peering through a crack in the kitchen door watching his wife angrily examining a pair of pearl gray pants.

"Did you sleep well?" asked Jinx at breakfast.

"Yes!" snapped Mrs. Jinx.

"Did you notice, dear, that these new pants are made like those of Gov. Patterson's of Tennessee, without pockets?"

"No, I didn't notice it, but I want you to give me some change before you go to town!"

The Crank.

"You say," observed Muggins, "there is nearly always something broke about your motor?"

"Yes," answered Chuggins, nervously.

"What is it, as a rule?"

"Me."

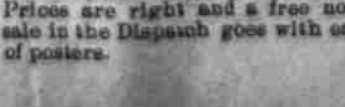
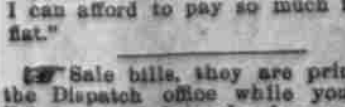
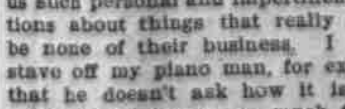
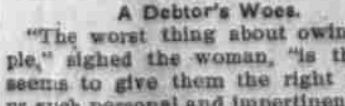
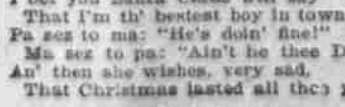
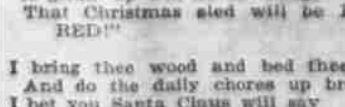
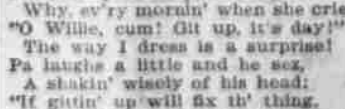
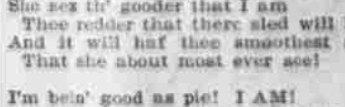
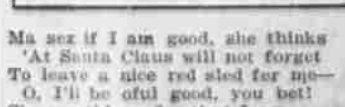
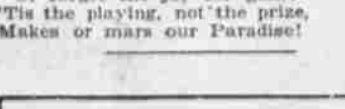
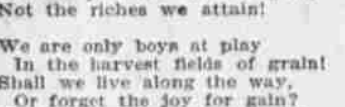
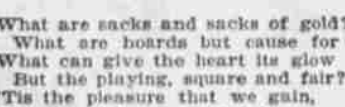
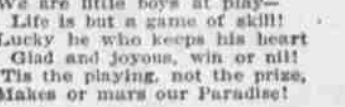
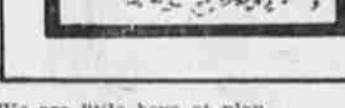
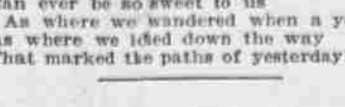
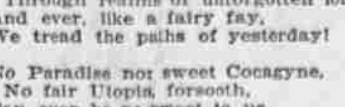
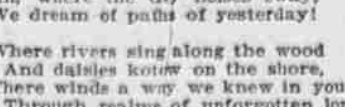
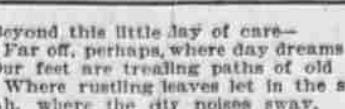
The Simple Life.

Passerby—Look here, you are the man who struck me for a sixpence three days ago!

Beggar—Yes, sir; but do me best, I can't keep me expenses any lower than twopence a day.

The Paths of Yesterday

Byron Williams



GREAT PRODUCTION OF SALT.

Twenty-Five Million Barrels of This Indispensable Condiment Made in America Last Year.

There has been a big increase in the production of salt in the United States in the last ten years. Close to 25,000,000 barrels were produced in this country last year, which was in excess of any such period previous. Possibly the largest domestic source is in New York state, in the vicinity of Syracuse. Michigan probably comes next.

Salt originally is in the rock form or in a solution in sea water or brine springs. The former is obtained by quarrying or mining and by solution. With the latter water is poured over the salt until the mineral is saturated and is then brought to the surface by pumping. The brine is boiled down in large pans.

The finest salt is boiled at a temperature of about 107 degrees centigrade. Commercial salt, fishing and bag salt are produced in successively larger pans and at increasingly low temperatures. Finer salt is raked out of the pans at much shorter intervals; in the case of the finest, two or three times a day.

Lucky Shot for the Hare.
While shooting at Wool, Dorset, a farmer fired at a hare and missed it. The hare made for a hedge and got caught in a wire. The farmer fired again and the shots cut the wire. The hare thus freed got away, to the chagrin of the sportsman.—London Evening Standard.

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherry bark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all wasting diseases "where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system."

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing by applying to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.

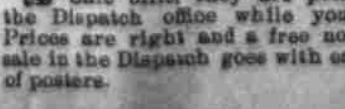
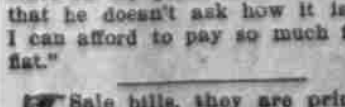
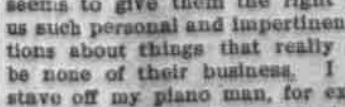
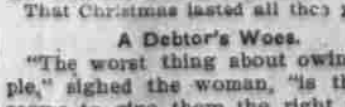
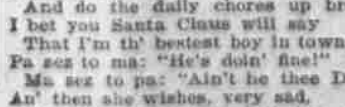
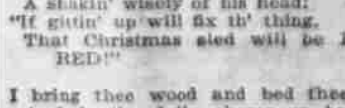
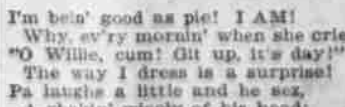
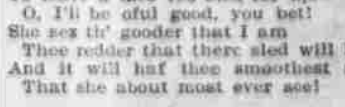
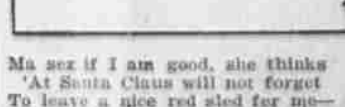
You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine or known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

We are little boys at play— Life is but a game of skill! Lucky he who keeps his heart Glad and joyous, win or nil! 'Tis the playing, not the prize, Makes or mars our Paradise!

We are only boys at play In the harvest fields of grain! Shall we live along the way, Or forget the day for gain? 'Tis the playing, not the prize, Makes or mars our Paradise!

Bein' Good

Byron Williams



Smiths' Clothing Store Again in the Lead!

We show below Three different styles of Spring Suits of which we had made one hundred Suits of each by the famous Pelham Clothing Manufacturers. We guarantee them to be absolutely all wool and better values than can be had in any store at \$5.00 more. On sale now and at the following prices as long as they last.

<p>No. 1 In five different patterns of cloth, absolutely all pure worsteds, mohair linings, 3 button sack, any size. Regular, stout or slim \$10.00</p>	<p>No. 2 Genuine black English clay diagonals, worsted serge linings, made in 3 button sack coat, any size, 34 to 48 \$12.50</p>	<p>No. 3. Very swell three-button sack, new idea pockets, right up-to-date, English worsteds, in six different shades, any size, stubs, slims, regular, stouts \$15.00</p>
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These are the famous PELHAM SUITS known throughout the country for their fine tailoring, superb style, perfect fit and moderate price. The above cuts only give you an idea of the style; to see the quality of the cloth and workmanship we are offering at these prices you must see the Suits.

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